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Book V 5

AMOS L. ALLEN

(Late a Representative from Maine)

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTA-
TIVES OF THE UNITED STATES

SIXTY-SECOND CONGRESS
FIRST SESSION

Proceedings in the House
June 11, 1911

Proceedings in the Senate
February 21, 1911

COMPILED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
THE JOINT COMMITTEE ON PRINTING



WASHINGTON
1913

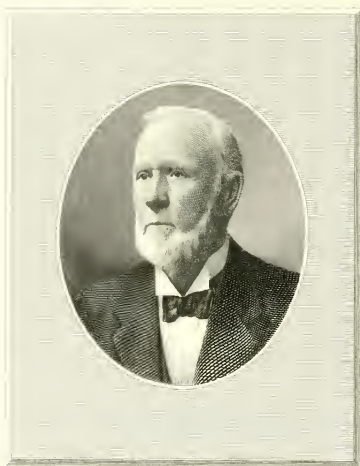
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JOHN GARDNER, 1812-1871

DEATH OF HON. AMOS LAWRENCE ALLEN

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE

MONDAY, *February 20, 1911.*

Mr. SWASEY. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following resolutions.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from Maine offers the following resolutions, which the Clerk will report:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. AMOS L. ALLEN, a Representative from the State of Maine.

Resolved, That a committee of eight Members of the House (with such Members of the Senate as may be joined) be appointed to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the Sergeant at Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provisions of these resolutions, and that the necessary expenses in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Mr. SWASEY. Mr. Speaker, at the conclusion of the business of the House, or later in the day, I shall ask that the House adjourn in honor and respect to the memory of the late Representative, Hon. AMOS L. ALLEN, of Maine, and late Representative, Hon. Walter P. Brownlow, of Tennessee.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES: REPRESENTATIVE ALLEN

The question was taken, and the resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

* * * * *

The SPEAKER. In pursuance of the resolution agreed to this morning, the Chair announces the following committee to attend the funeral of the late Representative ALLEN, of Maine:

The Clerk read as follows:

Mr. Swasey and Mr. Guernsey, of Maine; Mr. Davis, of Minnesota; Mr. O'Connell, of Massachusetts; Mr. Kendall, of Iowa; Mr. Latta, of Nebraska; Mr. Graham, of Illinois; and Mr. Cameron, of Arizona.

Mr. SWASEY. Mr. Speaker, in accordance with the order made at the memorial services on calendar day of Sunday on the late Senator Clay and Representative Brownlow and pursuant to the resolutions adopted this day in honor of the memory of AMOS L. ALLEN, late Representative from Maine, I move that the House do now adjourn.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The question is on the motion of the gentleman from Maine.

The motion was agreed to; accordingly (at 9 o'clock and 16 minutes) the House adjourned to meet at 10 a. m. on Tuesday, February 21, 1911.

TUESDAY, *May 23, 1911.*

Mr. HINDS. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that the following order be made.

The Clerk read as follows:

Ordered, That there be a session of the House on Sunday, June 11, at 12 m., and that the said session be devoted to eulogies on

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE

the life, character, and public services of AMOS L. ALLEN, late a Representative from the State of Maine.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Maine? [After a pause.] The Chair hears none, and it is so ordered.

SUNDAY, *June 11, 1911.*

The House met at 12.30 o'clock p. m., and was called to order by Mr. McGillicuddy, as Speaker pro tempore.

The Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Our Father in heaven, we are assembled here in memory of a departed Member of this House who served his State and Nation with fidelity and ability. Modest, yet firm; without ostentation, yet with patriotic zeal and fervor; a member of a Christian church; zealous in all good works; respected, esteemed, loved by all.

We mourn him, but not as dead; rather as living in another of God's many mansions, where, with the same patience, fidelity, and zeal in the service of the King, he is faring on. Help us to emulate his virtues, that we may leave behind us a clean record. Comfort, we beseech Thee, his colleagues and friends, and let Thine everlasting arms be about those who were near and dear to him in the bonds of kinship to sustain and comfort them; and bring us in Thine own good time to dwell with Thee in heaven. In the name of Him who is the resurrection and the life. Amen.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Clerk will report the special order.

The Clerk read as follows:

On motion of Mr. HINDS, by unanimous consent,

“Ordered, That there be a session of the House on Sunday, June 11, at 12 m., and that the said session be devoted to eulogies on the life, character, and public services of AMOS L. ALLEN, late a Representative from the State of Maine.

Mr. HINDS. Mr. Speaker, before the exercises begin to-day, I ask unanimous consent that Members be allowed to print.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from Maine asks unanimous consent that Members be allowed to print their remarks in the Record. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

Mr. HINDS. Mr. Speaker, I offer the resolutions which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Clerk will report the resolutions.

The Clerk read as follows:

House resolution 201.

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended, that opportunity may be given for tribute to the memory of Hon. AMOS L. ALLEN, late a Member of this House from the State of Maine.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his distinguished public career, the House, at the conclusion of these exercises, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

The question being taken, the resolutions were agreed to.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ADDRESS OF MR. HINDS, OF MAINE

MR. SPEAKER. When AMOS LAWRENCE ALLEN died, in this city, on February 20, 1911, he closed a career of 50 years as a public servant. That disposition which Marcus Aurelius saw in his emperor father "to be ever watchful over the things that were necessary for the administration of the empire, and to be a good manager of the expenditure, and patiently to endure the blame which he got for such conduct," existed in its patriotic spirit in this faithful servant of the Republic. He came to the public service in Washington in the direful time of the Civil War, when men of unusual constancy and courage deliberated in these halls. Their example, in the formative years of his early manhood, molded and intensified his political principles, from which he did not deviate as his influence and responsibilities broadened.

MR. ALLEN was born in Waterboro, in the county of York, Me., March 17, 1837. His father came of the Puritan stock of Massachusetts, his Allen ancestors having arrived from England and settled near Salem in 1640. The father was a farmer, leading an industrious but quiet life. Of those pronounced personal traits which preserve the individuality of a man beyond his generation, he seems to have had a sense of humor and ability as a story teller. These characteristics in the distinguished son are credited to his paternal heritage, while the intellectual abilities and judicious ambition which advanced him

among his fellows are credited to the maternal as well as the paternal inheritance. His mother was Eleanor Ridley, and was of Revolutionary stock. This, however, was not an especial distinction in the county of York, for that county and its neighbor, Cumberland, took as active a part in the Revolution as the counties of the mother State herself, and their sons made up a large portion of the Massachusetts Line.

But Eleanor Ridley had another distinction which could not be shared by all her neighbors, and her wide information, outspoken opinions, and decided convictions, especially on the question of slavery, disposed those who knew her to believe, as the traditions of her family asserted, that she was descended from the kin of the martyr Ridley, who perished at the stake in front of Baliol College, Oxford, in the days of Queen Mary.

There were 10 children in the Allen family, Amos being the eighth. The father was counted fairly prosperous, but the returns from agriculture in the decade of the forties, either in Waterboro or any other Maine town, were not such as to provide for a large family education beyond that of the schools supported by the town taxes. That the mother selected Amos from the little flock for the honors of a higher education is proof enough that she discerned in him at that early age the sound common sense and resourcefulness of character which raised him in after life to positions of trust and great usefulness. At the early age of 8 years Amos was placed with Mr. A. G. Trafton, of the neighboring town of Alfred, a relative who combined the labors of a farmer with kindly ministrations as district schoolmaster. In Alfred the boy remained five years, and this fact, joined to his later career, tells the story of his character. It is hard for any man, impossible for many men, to advance rapidly to positions of trust among the people who have known them in the

period of youthful inconsiderateness. But from the day when the child of 8 years went to Alfred for the tutorings of the farmer-schoolmaster that town became the place of his strongest friends and sturdiest support.

With his hard-won college diploma he came back to one of the law offices on the quiet street shaded by the ancient elms that are yet the glory of Alfred; when admitted to the bar he became assistant to the clerk of courts in the courthouse which is still the prized possession of the village; it was with the support of Alfred friends that he launched, in 1867, in the then stormy seas of York County politics, his first candidacy for elective office; it was in Alfred that he lived and worked for the 12 years from 1870 to 1882 when he served York County as clerk of courts; it was as a citizen of Alfred and with the unanimous voice of the county of York that he became the Representative of the first congressional district in the House 12 years ago; it was of the anticipated pleasure of returning to his Alfred home that he fondly spoke during the fitful fevers of life's latest hours; and it was to Alfred that his mortal remains were carried to receive the honors of earth's farewell from a generation whose trust in him had been learned from their fathers.

At the end of the five years Mr. Trafton told the mother that the boy had learned all that the Alfred school could teach. So the youth of 13 took farewell—we can believe a reluctant farewell—of the Trafton home, and especially of Mr. Trafton's mother, whose kindness and directing influence Mr. ALLEN in after years acknowledged and repaid with kind attentions, until she passed from life in her hundredth year.

By various employments, of which teaching school was one, the young graduate of the district school of Alfred made enough of financial success to enable him, with the assistance of an older brother in New York City, to enter

a seminary at Whitestown, N. Y., in 1853. The training which he there received was undoubtedly good, since he was enabled by it to enter Bowdoin College one year in advance in 1857. But in his later life when those school days were recalled Mr. ALLEN spoke of other things than the studies. New York was then seething with the "irrepressible conflict." Horace Greeley, Wendell Phillips, Salmon P. Chase, Henry Ward Beecher, William H. Seward, and Roscoe Conkling were frequently heard by the students of the seminary. Maine had been an old Democratic State since the rise of Andrew Jackson's star; on the village street of Alfred one of the great houses was the mansion of that John Holmes, first Senator from Maine, who, as a member of the triumvirate, "John Holmes, Felix Grundy, and the Devil," was declared by ardent Federalists and Whigs to be one of the presiding geniuses of the Jacksonian Democracy; the Allens in Waterboro were Democrats; and in 1853 it was not a light thing in Maine for a son to turn from the political footsteps of his fathers. But when the boy student, with wide-open, serious eyes, saw Roscoe Conkling, before a tumultuous audience, tear the linen collar from his neck, with the declaration that he felt as if a border ruffian had him by the throat, and then listened for two hours while that superb orator thundered against the great wrong of the age, the glamour of Jackson's name faded, the spell departed from the mansion house of John Holmes, and even what might be thought in the solemn council before the fireplace in the old home at Waterboro seemed for the first time, perhaps, a small matter.

Mr. ALLEN went to Brunswick in 1857 and became a member of the class of 1860 in Bowdoin College. Of the college which he then entered and the brotherhood of young men which he then joined I feel tempted to say more than this day's time will allow. President Woods

was one of the most accomplished scholars and gentlemen of the time, honored in Europe as in America. Trained in the old classical school, he had conversed familiarly with the Pope in the Latin tongue. Uniting the dexterity of one taught in the old farm home of America to the training of the courtier, he had in the family circle of the French Emperor held the yarn skein for the crochet work of the young princesses while he conversed with their elders in the tongue of the court. He was great enough to differ with his times and to differ wrongly; but Bowdoin College was also great enough to look with dignity and composure on her president sitting as secretary of the Democratic convention in 1861 to declare the war a failure, and her Prof. Chamberlain leading gloriously on battle fields red with the blood of her sons.

Of that brotherhood of youth in the class of 1860 I could wish that another might speak, one who was with it and of it; perhaps Samuel T. Came, the classmate and neighbor in Alfred, who still practices the law through the evening of a useful life; perhaps Joseph W. Symonds, learned judge of the Supreme Court of Maine, who, at the unveiling of the statue in Portland last summer, portrayed the youth of Thomas B. Reed as the class of 1860 knew it; perhaps William W. Thomas, who went to Sweden with the commission of Abraham Lincoln and there lives in honor near the court where he was accredited so long.

If I could re-create the past I would bring back one of the rare days in the Speakership of Thomas B. Reed, when Augustine Jones, honored head of the Friends' School at Providence, would come into the little room off the lobby of this House, which was then the Speaker's room. The great Speaker would lay aside the public business, the faithful secretary—he whose life and services we eulogize to-day—would lay aside his pen, and Bowdoin College and the days of 1860 would have the floor. They

would speak of famous professors like Cleveland and Packard, of beloved classmates and companions, both the living and the dead. At times they recalled again the memory of Samuel Fessenden, the son of William Pitt Fessenden, who perished in one of the early battles of the war, who had been Thomas B. Reed's roommate, and who had interested the great Senator to lend to the poor but earnest boy the assistance that enabled the future Speaker to graduate with the class of 1860. Samuel Fessenden was of the class of 1861. But the class of 1860, like every class of that time, had its share of youths who led companies, regiments, or batteries at ages which now are not considered adequate to the minor responsibilities of peace. Albert W. Bradbury had won the approbation of Sheridan as an officer of artillery on the fields about Winchester, and John Marshall Brown brought home rank and honor from battles as famous.

The relationship of AMOS L. ALLEN and Thomas B. Reed in the class of 1860 exercised a great influence on the lives of both and on the political history of Maine for the generation in which they lived. They had been friendly, but not especially intimate during college days, and when they had delivered their graduating parts—they both stood high in rank—and parted at the college gates, they had no reason to believe that the future held much in common for them. Mr. ALLEN went to the law office of Judge Henry Goodenow, in Alfred, and, through Judge Goodenow's interest with Lot M. Morrill, then a Senator from Maine, to a clerkship in the Treasury Department at Washington, where there would be opportunity during leisure hours for study in the Columbian Law School. Mr. Reed went to a Portland law office, thence to California, where he was admitted to the bar, and then to the United States Navy for the closing years of the war. Mr. ALLEN was admitted to the York County bar in 1866, and

the next year was Republican candidate for clerk of courts. When his Democratic opponent was elected he returned to Washington to a position in the post office of the House of Representatives; but in 1870 was in Alfred again, and this time a successful candidate for clerk of courts. In this position of dignity and trust Mr. ALLEN remained 12 years.

Mr. Reed meanwhile had returned to Portland, had served in both branches of the State legislature, and had been attorney general of the State. It was with these honors back of him that he presented himself in the office of his classmate one day in 1876 and stated his ambition to serve the first congressional district in Congress.

The Congressman at that time was a distinguished citizen of York County, a man of large business interests and extensive political influence. He had, moreover, the loyal and determined support of a large portion of York County. Mr. Reed came from the other county of the district. Mr. ALLEN undoubtedly saw the political embarrassments of the situation, but he cast his fortunes with his classmate and was one of the small band of men from York County who assisted in Mr. Reed's nomination in a contest so close and exciting that the memories of it still live in Maine.

Mr. Reed came to this House, and in 1882 he was named chairman of the Judiciary Committee by Speaker Keifer. He at once nominated his classmate and friend as clerk, and Mr. ALLEN served the committee during the Forty-seventh Congress. With the return of a Democratic majority in the Forty-eighth Congress Mr. Reed ceased to be chairman, and Mr. ALLEN, after a year as special examiner in the Pension Bureau, returned to Alfred in 1886 and was at once elected to the Maine Legislature.

It was during this session of the legislature, which convened January 1, 1887, that I first met Mr. ALLEN. He was

not obtrusive in the proceedings of that body, rarely participated in the debates, and for a time passed with spectators as one of the quiet, sensible body of farmer members who from the origin of the State have wasted little time, but have voted potentially in the Legislatures of Maine. But education, experience of affairs, common sense, and industry never fail to come to their own in any legislative body, and before the winter was over the modest gentleman from Alfred found his judgment sought by the leaders and his opinions respected by the membership.

The national election of 1888 brought a Republican to the White House and a Republican majority to this Hall. Mr. Reed had been 12 years a Member, and now came forward for the Speakership. In the moment of his success he turned again to his college classmate, and Mr. ALLEN became his secretary.

The older Members on this floor will remember the quiet, judicious secretary, whom they always found unperturbed at his post during the stormy years of Mr. Reed's speakerships. He was not merely a secretary, he was a friend and counselor. It would be as easy to contemplate John Milton, secretary to Oliver Cromwell, in the condition of a mere transcriber of dictations, as to contemplate AMOS L. ALLEN busying himself only with opening letters and copying answers. So much political sagacity, so great calmness of judgment, so evident honesty of purpose, never passed unappreciated or unused in the council chamber of Thomas B. Reed. I first saw the two men together in the winter of 1890, in the midst of the tumultuous first session of the Fifty-first Congress; and 20 years have not dimmed the vivid recollections of the loyalty and trust subsisting in the daily relations of the two men.

When Mr. Reed resigned, in 1899, his membership in the House, the first district of Maine, which for 22 years

had thought of no other for her Representative, turned to Mr. ALLEN naturally, and with practical unanimity so far as the dominant political party was concerned. He was chosen at a special election by a substantial majority, and thereafter continued in the approval of the district for 12 years.

And when, before the choice of 1910 was to be made, he announced voluntarily his purpose to retire, the general good will and appreciation expressed for his faithful service promised that he would carry to private life the unique dignity of a man who had outlived the animosities of political strife while still remaining in it. That he should take leave of life before entering the peaceful retirement which seemed so attractive to him and to which he looked forward with so many anticipations brought to his friends the only disappointment in his long public career.

Mr. ALLEN's place as a servant of the people of Maine has been fixed by the officially expressed confidence of her public men and the voice of the people themselves. His place in this House is not written so broadly in the records as in the case of many other Members. His modesty led him to shun debate, and he never sought to place himself in a high seat at the council table. But in the future, when other men shall be in this Hall and some are anxious to know the record of AMOS LAWRENCE ALLEN, they will find by his recorded votes and acts that he served in his day and generation with diligence, honesty, and courage.

ADDRESS OF MR. KENDALL, OF IOWA

MR. SPEAKER: Because of my absence from Washington I was only yesterday afternoon advised that the solemn observance upon which we are now engaged would occur to-day, and I have had, therefore, no opportunity for that suitable preparation so necessary to render eulogy appropriate and seasonable. But I loved AMOS L. ALLEN, and I can not allow to remain unembraced this occasion to offer my inadequate tribute to his memory.

We are assembled in this historic Chamber on this sacred day to consider resolutions which will be unanimously adopted at the conclusion of these impressive ceremonies. We are here to express our appreciation of a life which all approved and to evidence our bereavement in a death which all deplored.

I did not enjoy a prolonged or intimate acquaintance with Mr. ALLEN. When I entered the Sixty-first Congress I was assigned to the Committee on Indian Affairs, where I was introduced to the subject of this imperfect memorial, then an influential member of that important committee. I was attracted to him immediately, as all were who knew him at all, by his gentle courtesy, by his quiet dignity, by his modest demeanor, by his obvious sincerity, by his patient industry, by his inflexible integrity, and by his exceptional efficiency for the performance of the duties which devolved upon him. As, in the lapse of time, I was admitted more informally into the privileges of his friendship, I grew more and more to recognize his unusual ability, which I think was scarcely understood here, and more and more to reverence his admirable

character, which I am sure was acknowledged everywhere. He was born of obscure and honest parentage on March 17, 1837, and died an American Representative, commanding the confidence and good will of an intelligent and enlightened constituency, on February 20, 1911. His life was singularly busy and remarkably useful. His early career was characterized by a constant struggle for an education which should equip him for the serious and severe labors of the world. He always underestimated his own capacity, and he was one of the most unassuming men I ever encountered in official or private station. Fortunately for his district, for his State, for his country, his people were not slow to discover his extraordinary aptitude for the public service, and almost from his youth to his death he occupied some position of trust or responsibility or distinction or honor. It can be truthfully said of him—and more need not be said of any man—that he retired from every relation with the esteem and love of those whose interests his activities affected.

We know how uniform was the affection cherished for him by his colleagues in the House, and how general was their regret when his decease was announced. With a profounder intensity the same affection was displayed and the same regret suffered by his humbler neighbors in Maine. I was extremely impressed by the funeral oration delivered at Alfred by his old pastor, the Rev. C. W. Bradley, of Bath, Me., and I undertake now to reproduce it as a part of my remarks:

Life is a constant revelation. To the open eye every moment is luminous. But there are critical periods in human lives, seasons of special revelation. A strange path has opened at our feet. Some great blessing has come into our lives and flooded our souls with sunshine and hope. Or some sorrow has fallen upon us and so changed everything that we walk in a different world and seem to be different men and women. Most of us understand this

truth. Life has been filled with varied experiences, joyous and sad. We have been called again and again to walk along darkened ways, needing sorely the comfort of others, where at other times it has been ours to comfort. We have met experiences which seemed uncertain and unreal. We have passed a rugged corner in life. Our outlook has changed, and we have changed with it. Thus are we brought into sympathy with the trying lot of others, and in the darkest hours hands are held out to those in need. Because we have passed through the loneliness and weariness of affliction, we are touched most deeply by the affliction of others. And so we are here, this large company of men and women, in the middle of a busy day, heart to heart, soul to soul, with this bereft circle. Practical sympathy has been and will be shown; but now we are gathered to express, if only by our presence and in silent communion, the yearning desire we each and all have to console and comfort and bless. Human speech seems almost an intrusion in an hour like this—the ministry of spirit, human and divine, is more appropriate and eloquent. Yet I would, if I may, voice the feelings of those present and absent who were friends of the departed. I would also be a minister of consolation this hour, and the more because of the sympathetic and personal relation existing between myself and family and this shadowed home. It is not easy for me to speak here this afternoon.

The departure of this man whose body lies here in the stillness, brings to me and mine a sense of personal bereavement and loss. I am indeed a mourner at his bier. For more than 30 years I was honored with and enjoyed his friendship. Our acquaintance began in 1878, when I became his pastor. And what a royal parishioner he was! Not only a liberal contributor toward the expenses of public worship; not only a constant attendant and inspiring listener to my youthful preaching, but ready to co-operate with me in every worthy enterprise for the people's good. I saw much of him during those two years, both in public and private, and came to know him intimately. I was made welcome in his home and have enjoyed its hospitality at my will ever since. But he opened his heart to me and I learned what manner of man this was who, honored so far above the majority of his fellows, remained ingenuous and unostentatious to the last. It is not necessary that I repeat the biographical facts which

have been published in all the leading papers of the country. His public life is well known by you who sit before me. Neither am I expected to attempt a memorial oration, such as will doubtless be delivered at a future day by some colleague at Washington. But mine is the humbler privilege of offering a simple, affectionate tribute from my heart to the memory of this man, whom I greatly respected and genuinely loved. It was good to have him for a friend. You know that. How genial he was. His laugh was infectious. How companionable and sympathetic. He shared your joys and sorrows. He helped you when he could. His friendship was true. It could be depended upon; it never betrayed its trust. That made him an ideal member of the fraternity to which he belonged. He not only took the vows of brotherhood, but practiced the spirit of brotherliness and the law of mutual help.

But he not only loved his neighbor and recognized the brotherhood of men, but he loved his country. He was patriotic as well as philanthropic. He was a conscientious public servant. He was true and faithful in every relation of life—devoted to his family, kind to his relatives, and a friend in need to many who were of no relation to him. He was as generous as tender-hearted and liked to bestow his benefactions secretly. Though plain-spoken and unaffected, he was a courteous gentleman, showing deference to the aged and attracting the young around him. He was charitable of men's motives and disposed to put the best construction on their words and actions. He had decided convictions on every moral question, and I never knew him to hesitate to declare them when a declaration of his standing was called for. I have talked with him alone of the eternal verities. He was a believer in the Christian religion and had a personal faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. The other world and life seemed to him a logical sequence of this world and life. Though a quiet man, he was one of strong feelings. With his intense nature he must have seen and heard and felt more than the ordinary man in this world. What must it have been to him when he found himself so suddenly in yonder world of God? A retired captain of the British Army, fond of relating his worldwide experiences, he was describing some of his most surprising adventures, when, stopping suddenly in the midst of his stories, he exclaimed, with emotion and solemn earnestness: "But, gentlemen, wonderful as

these things were, I am expecting soon to see something far more wonderful." The company were much surprised and mystified at this sudden exclamation and altered manner. The veteran soldier was 70 years old, and as he was retired from service and his traveling days were over, they wondered what he could mean. When they asked his meaning he was silent for a moment and then replied: "During the first five minutes after death."

May we not believe that not only was that a great wonder, but a sweet surprise, to this our friend who has preceded us on the unknown journey. However much one has thought about and prepared for and expected it, unspeakably wonderful must it be to suddenly find oneself in the other and better world. The other day when the message came he heard the call of the unseen that those around him could not hear, and went over. He did not die. Out from the cast-off tenement of flesh he went to God. Out from the night of earth he passed into the eternal morning, to the land of the unclouded day, where the Lord's tired ones rest and are never sick any more, nor worn, nor weary, nor ever know again the heartaches of earth life, for "God shall spread His tabernacle over them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, for the lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them and shall lead them unto fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

His daughter, in a personal communication to a friend of the family, said: "His ability to serve others and keep silent was one of his strongest points. His sudden death revealed to us many secrets of his being a 'friend in need' to many. I would not wish to multiply words as to my father's true worth, but I know that whatever estimate is put on his public career he was a faithful public servant, honest and sincere in every act." And his son: "As I look at his life it was one of serviceableness in the best sense of the word."

And from far off Mississippi a gentleman writes: "In my Dixie home I shall teach my children to reverence the

memory of the man who once helped their father in time of sore need."

Service! Mr. Speaker, it is the principle inculcated by the great Master who surrendered his life on Calvary to illustrate it. Service! It was finely exemplified by our departed friend, and we know beyond all doubting truly that when he crossed to the invisible shore his devoted soul was immediately admitted to companionship with the spirits of other just men made perfect on high.

ADDRESS OF MR. GRAHAM, OF ILLINOIS

MR. SPEAKER: During my short service in this body I have been greatly impressed by the very happy custom of setting apart a day for eulogizing deceased Members. I hope the custom will long survive. While it is a pretty tribute to the dead, I regard it as being of especial value to those who participate in such occasions. A tender regard for the memory of the departed ones has ever been the source of inspiration to the survivors. A history of the sacrifices made by the living in memory of the dead would fill volumes; and in the making of these sacrifices their lives were idealized and they were lifted up above their grosser selves.

Numberless institutions of great value to society have been founded and maintained for the benefit of helpless youth and equally helpless age as monuments to loved ones who prematurely fell before the sickle of the grim reaper. Many institutions devoted to the education of persons who were poor but worthy, many beautiful temples dedicated to the worship of the living God, exist to-day as testimonials of affection for wife or husband, for son or daughter, who had crossed to that "bourn whence no traveler returns."

Some of the most stupendous works of the ancients—works so colossal as to practically defy the defacing hand of time—were erected by the living in tender recollection of the dead.

The monuments left by the Mound Builders of North America, the great pyramids of Egypt, and many other stupendous undertakings of the primeval races show to

what extreme lengths they went to keep fresh and green the memory of their departed.

And in the world of art and letters it were very difficult to tell what we owe to this most commendable sentiment.

Chateaubriand's great book, *The Genius of Christianity*, is but a monument which, by her open grave, he resolved to build, in loving memory of his mother, in partial atonement for a past life which had been a source of great grief to her. And the same might be said of that other wonderful book, *The Confessions of St. Augustine*, whose good mother, Monica, devoted much time to praying for her son's conversion. And it is in common knowledge that the *Divine Comedy*, the greatest flight of the human imagination, is but the tribute of love which Dante paid to the memory of his beloved Beatrice. There is scarcely a limit to the cases of this character which might be cited. Nor are we without an illustration here. You will remember but a short few years ago our distinguished colleague, Henry George, jr., visited the late Count Tolstoi at his home in Russia.

The great Russian, like most thoughtful men, was an admirer of Mr. George's father.

Anticipating his own approaching death he said: "What message shall I bring from you to your father?" And the son, whom I have almost learned to love, sent to the father, whom I had the honor to know and respect and admire, this simple message: "Tell him I am doing the work."

What work was this he was doing? The work of humanity. The work of making less heavy the burdens of those who labor and are heavy laden. And those who read his splendid book, *The Menace of Privilege*, can read between the lines on every page how the living son has dedicated himself to the work begun by his distinguished

father, and how the memory of the dead father acts as an inspiration to the surviving son.

I think I am not in error when I say that the feeling is almost universal among men, whether civilized or savage, that in the great beyond there will be a continued existence and a renewal of association or communion between individuals in spite of death.

The great agnostic, Col. Ingersoll, seems to have recognized this universal feeling and attempted to explain it away by saying that "hope hears the rustle of a wing." By the word "hope," as he uses it, Col. Ingersoll undoubtedly intended to convey not the Christian hope, but a mere foundationless wish or desire.

But was it such hope that induced the American aborigines to slay the dead warrior's pony and, with his bow and arrows, bury it beside his body to keep him company and to serve him in the happy hunting ground?

Was it such a hope that induced them to place the bodies of their dead on elevated platforms to prevent their mutilation, that they might not suffer any inconvenience or humiliation among their fellows in the great beyond?

Was it such a hope that impelled them to suffer death rather than lose the precious scalp lock, so necessary to their proper standing in the life so surely awaiting them beyond the grave? What did they know of hope in the Christian sense, apart from that innate feeling implanted in the breasts of all men?

So far as I am aware, the uncivilized and even savage races everywhere believe in a life after this one, in some instances, however, believing that existence in the hereafter depends upon the preservation of the physical body.

Herbert Spencer, the great agnostic philosopher, admits the universality of this belief in a future life, and tried to explain it away by giving what seems to me a ridiculously insufficient reason. In substance he says that when primi-

tive men observed cases of swooning or suspended animation they reached the conclusion that each individual had in him an "other self," which "other self" had the power to leave the body temporarily and take, as it were, an occasional vacation, and that death was but the indefinite absence of this "other self." He virtually admits the fact of this universal belief, but his explanation of the origin of it is rather far-fetched and laborious. A common origin of mankind, with traditions traceable to a common source, and an inward, insatiable longing for existence furnish a far better explanation.

It seems to me the well-known customs of the primitive races, to some of which I have alluded, are a sufficient contradiction of Mr. Spencer's theory.

It is safe to say that the desire for happiness is universal among normal men. Even when we go furthest wrong we are but striving after happiness, although guided by a perverted judgment. So, also, the desire to be, to exist, is universal; and this desire to exist is so strong that I can not conceive of happiness for one who was convinced that he was a brother to the clod, that his very existence might terminate at any moment.

The dread of utter annihilation would inevitably render him most unhappy. But why? My answer to that query is, Because God made him that way; because there is planted deep in the foundations of his nature, far deeper than he can fathom, a yearning, an unconquerable desire to continue to exist.

The poet Milton well expresses this thought when he says:

For who would lose,
Tho' filled with pain, this intellectual being;
These thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night?

In the play of Cato, Addison represents that stern old Roman as brooding over his misfortunes and contemplating suicide. He is seated at a table. He has been reading Plato's book on the Immortality of the Soul. His sword, unsheathed, lies beside him ready for use in what was to be the last act of life's drama. But his purpose is shaken by what he has read. He is convinced by the reasoning of the great philosopher, and in discussing the question with himself, he thus soliloquizes:

It must be so. Plato, thou reasonest well,
Else why this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity, thou pleasing, dreadful thought!

And then he sees that while the sword may kill the body it can not reach the soul, and he adds:

The soul secure in her existence
Smiles at the drawn dagger
And defies its point.

The stars shall fade away,
The sun himself grow dim with age,
And nations sink in years, but thou
Shalt flourish in immortal youth, unhurt
Amid the war of elements, the wreck
Of matter, and the crush of worlds.

In his own beautifully simple and characteristic way our Longfellow says:

Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

No; death does not end all. Death is but the real beginning of all. It is but the gateway through which we are to pass from time to eternity.

I know—

Said Job nearly 4,000 years ago—

I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that in the last day I shall rise out of the earth, and I shall be clothed with my skin, and in my flesh I shall see God.

What faith and what consolation is represented by these words ! And it was in such firm belief as this that our late colleague, Mr. AMOS L. ALLEN, lived and died.

As one of a committee on the part of the House, I accompanied his remains to their last resting place at Alfred, Me., in the same county in which he was born 74 years ago, and in which his permanent home was during all these years.

No higher tribute could be paid to his memory and his character than the genuine and truly touching exhibition of mingled sorrow and respect shown by the friends and neighbors of a lifetime on the funeral occasion.

My personal acquaintance with Mr. ALLEN was limited to our association in the Committee on Indian Affairs during the Sixty-first Congress, supplemented by occasional meetings on the floor of the House.

But, limited and brief as these opportunities were, I formed a high opinion of his sterling honesty, his fine integrity, and I soon learned to have the greatest respect for his judgment and the highest esteem for him personally.

But the final summons came to him, and he had to answer it, just as it will in time come to each of us, and each, in his turn, will have to answer it.

Silently and sorrowfully we bore what was mortal of him to his last resting place in the silent city of the dead,

God's acre. We left his dust in its lonely prison house on the hillside in the State of his nativity; and then we turned our faces again to the problems we are trying to solve and which we must continue to work at till life's fitful fever passes for us also. When that time comes may someone be able to truthfully say for us, as I believe I can truthfully say for him, that we met and discharged life's duties honestly and bravely, that we were willing to stand for the right even though we stood alone, that we tried earnestly to serve our country and our fellow men, and that the world is at least a little better because we lived in it.

Mr. RUBEN assumed the chair.

ADDRESS OF MR. MCGILLICUDDY, OF MAINE

Mr. SPEAKER: In accordance with a long and honored custom in this House, we meet to-day to pay our tribute to the dead.

It is especially fitting that in this House, the scene of the last labors of his useful life, the character and career of AMOS LAWRENCE ALLEN should be commemorated.

He was eminently worthy of the high honor we now pay to his memory.

If it is given to those gone beyond to know something of this mortal life, I am sure that it would be his wish that no word of extravagant praise or fulsome eulogy should be spoken on this occasion. He was a plain-spoken, truthful, sincere, and modest man. He indeed valued appreciation, but caressing speech and undue compliment were especially distasteful to him.

While his successful career was principally due to his own efforts, yet there were elements that contributed largely to it over which he had no control, and I have no doubt that it would be his wish on this occasion that these elements rather than his own efforts should be the subject of his eulogy.

In the first place, he came of good stock. His ancestors were of the type of those who, in the middle of the seventeenth century, left England for the new western world with the spirit of freedom in their hearts. On the sturdy soil of America they developed into Revolutionary patriots of the type of yeomanry that at Lexington and Concord fired the shot that was heard around the world. His great grandfather fought in that giant struggle, and at its close moved to York County, Me., where AMOS L. ALLEN

was born March 17, 1837. His mother was a woman of unusual ability, of strong character and convictions, a woman who was not only a worker, but a thinker, and upon the boy she reared fixed the impress of her thought and character, which remained with him to the day of his death.

In another respect was he fortunate; he was born poor. I do not mean that he was in want and poverty, but in circumstances and conditions that teach lessons and fix habits of frugality, thrift, and industry.

Again was he fortunate in being born and reared on a farm—the best place in this world to bring up an American boy, because there, as nowhere else, he early learns practical lessons of duty and responsibility.

One of Mr. ALLEN's earliest traits was his desire for an education. To improve his mind was a passion. Good books were his early and close companions. After acquiring such education as his vicinity afforded he went away to earn money to still further pursue his studies. A liberal education was his early ambition, and he had the proud satisfaction of fulfilling that ambition when he graduated from Bowdoin College with high honor in the class of 1860.

He studied law and became an honored member of the bar of his native county of York in 1866.

He was early recognized by his fellow citizens as a man of worth and ability, and was elected by them to many positions of honor and trust, all of which he filled with fidelity and ability. As has been truly said, this period of his life was one of serviceableness and usefulness in the best sense of the word.

The crowning work of Mr. ALLEN's career was in this National House of Representatives. It is not my purpose, however, to even briefly advert to it. This has been faithfully done by his collaborators here. I rise simply to state

that it is my privilege and pleasure on this occasion, as a citizen of his State and a member of the opposite political party, to record my belief that no matter how men might differ with him in principle or on matters of public policy, AMOS L. ALLEN was universally considered an honest and honorable man of deep and sincere convictions, who in the discharge of his public duties did what he believed to be right as it was given to him to see the right.

ADDRESS OF MR. LATTI, OF NEBRASKA

MR. SPEAKER: Death is no respecter of persons or of age; all must answer when the summons comes. When one stands beside the bier of youth imagination brings to view the possibilities and triumphs of a life that might have been had these tender years budded into manhood. The tear of sorrow, mingled with regret, moistens the cheek, and it is hard to understand why one so young should be taken. There is a feeling of personal loss that fills the heart.

When in the full vigor of manhood, with courage and determination to do for home and brother and country, our friend is stricken by the hand of death, one stands appalled by the loss and is impelled to exclaim, "Why this tragedy of life?" The foundation of life's structure has been well laid, the superstructure of social and business responsibility is building, and there is bright promise of a completed whole—a truly successful life that the world can ill afford to do without. But the summons comes; the architect is laid low; and as one stands by the open grave there is grief, not alone for what might have been, but because our eyes have seen what has been done and our hearts have felt the throb of a kindly heart. Life's structure, it seems, is left unfinished and the plans have been lost with the death of the builder.

But does the reaper, Death, spare the life until the mellowing years have matured its fruit; until in the ripeness and fulness of age it has given to mankind the blessing of a noble life, full of good works and good words, and then full of years—three score years and ten, and then

four years more—in the full vigor of mind, garner the ripened grain—take our friend from labor on earth to the reward beyond? Then, as one stands by the bier, the tears of sorrow will, indeed, flow in the sadness of farewell; but mingled with the sorrow there is the balm that our friend has lived, truly lived; that he has been our friend and that his help has enriched the life that is ours.

There is grief because of the loss and the parting, but still one feels that the friendship still lives in the heart and memory; that the life is richer and fuller because of that friendship; that the world is brighter and better because our friend has lived.

As I stood by the bier of our deceased colleague these are some of the thoughts that came crowding in on my mind.

AMOS LAWRENCE ALLEN, my friend, your friend, was born March 17, 1837, in Waterboro, Me., and died February 20, 1911, in this city, where until a few days before his decease he was active in the discharge of his duties as the Representative of his district. I will not go into detail regarding the activities of his business and political life. Others who knew him longer can do this better than I can, and I will leave it to them. However, let me say in passing that during his long life he was always found ready to do his duty, whatever that duty might be, in any capacity in which he was placed.

As one of the Members who escorted the body of the deceased to his former home in Alfred, Me., I had the pleasure of meeting many of his former townsmen. The love and respect and esteem that was manifested by these people who knew him best—by his friends and neighbors—touched me very deeply. He was their Congressman, but he was more than that. He was their trusted friend and neighbor; he was Uncle Amos to them, and the tears dimmed the eyes of many with whom I talked

as they recounted the kind words and deeds of him whom they had learned to love.

How grand a thing is life when it is truly lived, and how sublime to live on in the hearts and lives of friends even though separated by death.

Life is measured not so much by heartbeats as by kind sympathies; not so much by dollars as by good deeds; not so much by political preferment as by sterling honesty; and measured by these standards our deceased colleague indeed lived, and his life is worthy of our emulation.

It was my privilege to sit with him as a member of the Committee on Indian Affairs, and it was here that I learned to admire him and to know his true worth. His rugged manhood and unfailing kindness of disposition won him high esteem among his colleagues. He firmly believed that the highest duty of a public servant was to obey the wishes of the people. He was courteous and kind to all; genial and companionable; would rejoice with a friend in his success and extend sympathy to one in sorrow or misfortune; and the joy or the sympathy came from the heart and found the heart. Here was a good man, and I esteem his friendship as one of the rich memories that will always be associated with my membership in this body.

In closing, I wish to quote a passage from the eulogy delivered by the Rev. C. W. Bradlee, a long-time friend and former pastor of the late Congressman, on the occasion of the funeral service of the deceased.

He was true and faithful in every relation of life—devoted to his family, kind to his relatives, and a friend in need to many who were of no relation to him. He was as generous as tender-hearted, and liked to bestow his benefactions secretly. Though plain-spoken and unaffected, he was a courteous gentleman—showing deference to the aged and attracting the young around him. He was charitable of men's motives and disposed to put

ADDRESS OF MR. LATTI, OF NEBRASKA

the best construction on their actions. He had decided convictions on every moral question, and was a believer in the Christian religion. The other world and life seemed to him a logical sequence of this world and life.

To know AMOS ALLEN was to love him, and of no man could we more truthfully say—

His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix't in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man."

ADJOURNMENT.

Then, in accordance with the resolution heretofore adopted (at 1 o'clock and 44 minutes p. m.), the House adjourned until Monday, June 12, 1911, at 12 o'clock m.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE

TUESDAY, *February 21, 1911.*

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. Brandegee in the chair).
The Chair lays before the Senate resolutions from the House of Representatives, which the Secretary will read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. AMOS L. ALLEN, a Representative from the State of Maine.

Resolved, That a committee of eight Members of the House (with such Members of the Senate as may be joined) be appointed to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the Sergeant at Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provisions of these resolutions, and that the necessary expenses in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

MR. HALE. Mr. President, I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk, and ask for their immediate consideration.

•The PRESIDING OFFICER. The resolutions submitted by the Senator from Maine will be read.

The resolutions were read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. AMOS L. ALLEN, late a Representative from the State of Maine.

Resolved, That a committee of seven Senators be appointed by the Vice President to join a committee appointed on the part of

the House of Representatives to take order for superintending the funeral of the deceased.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate a copy of these resolutions to the House of Representatives and to the family of the deceased.

Mr. HALE. Mr. President, as a further mark of respect, I move that the Senate adjourn.

The motion was agreed to; and (at 5 o'clock and 40 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, Wednesday, February 22, 1911, at 12 o'clock meridian.





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